

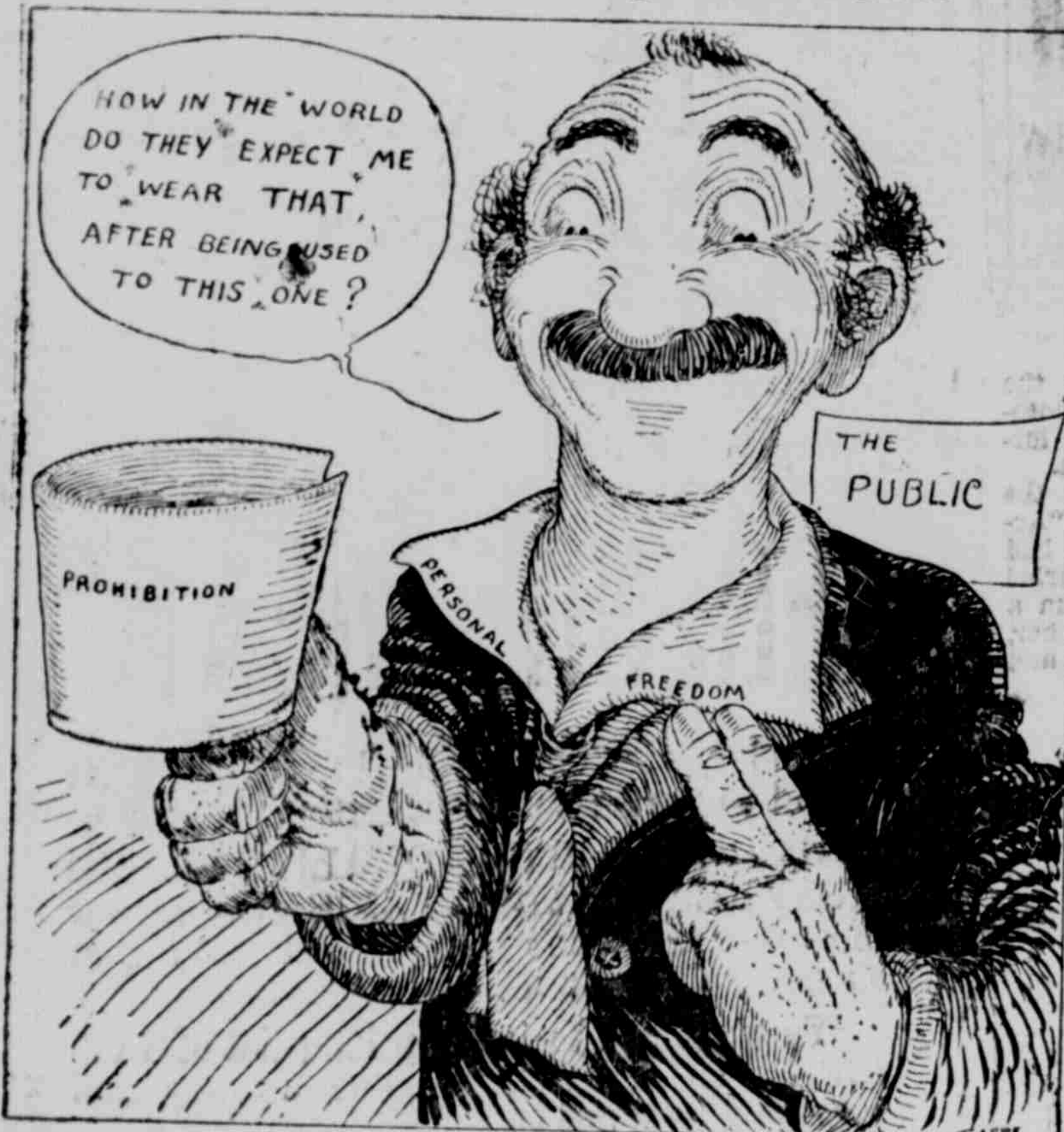
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OUT OF THE QUESTION!



"WET" SMILES BRING JOY TO THIRSTY ALABAMIANS

"Certain Dry Citizens Give Warm Welcome To Trains From Wet Towns," Says Birmingham Newspaper

Under the caption of "Certain Dry Citizens Give Warm Welcome to Trains From Wet Towns," the Birmingham Age-Herald makes the following report regarding conditions in "dry" Alabama:

Birmingham money has begun to flow out and somebody's wet goods have begun to flow in. If you don't believe it go around to one of the local express company's offices about half an hour after the arrival of a train from wet territory and see the line of men waiting to receive their package of "shoes."

For the first 10 days of prohibition little, if any, liquor was received for delivery in Birmingham. It seemed as though every one who wanted it had taken the precaution to lay in a supply sufficient to last through several weeks of the dry spell. Evidently the stock of most of those who showed "foresight" did not last long enough and they were compelled to find out the address of some of the liquor dealers in other cities.

"Wet" Smiles in "Dry" States.

Yesterday morning it was an amus-

ing sight to see the crowd of men in line on First avenue between Twentieth and Twenty-first streets. Most of them had a pleasant smile of happy anticipation on their faces and every one seemed to be in a happy frame of mind. Several were seen to smack their lips meditatively as they mopped their perspiring brows and swore silently as the crowd moved slowly to the place where the packages were stored. Various estimates put the number of "packages" received in Birmingham daily at between 300 and 600. Others who have made the liquor traffic a study say that the average number of "packages" now received daily is in excess of 500.

Under the prevailing law each individual is allowed to receive two quarts of whisky, one gallon of wine and five dozen bottles of beer every two weeks. It is interesting to note that most of those who received "packages" yesterday could hardly carry their load, meaning, of course, the one in their arms, leading the observer to believe that most of the goods received consisted of beer.

GERMAN SOLDIERS ENJOYING THEMSELVES



German soldiers in France at the refreshment barracks. This is another one of the many pictures that are coming from all of the European armies in the great conflict which shows that liquors, wines and beers play a conspicuous part in the army canteens of the fighting men at the front, notwithstanding the garbled reports sent out by prohibitionists for the purpose of producing "dry" publicity regardless of real facts and conditions.

—Photo By Press Illustrating Co., N. Y.

How He Acquired Trouble.

"Education," said the man who had been sued for breach of promise, "is the root of all evil."

"How so?" asked the man who had not been sued and consequently could not reason from the same premises.

"If I hadn't been able to write," answered the defendant, "what evidence do you suppose they would have against me?" Still, he conceded after some argument that the man who can write and can't has some advantages over the man who can't write because he can't.

Chicago Post.

The Eternal Feminine.



—Mayer's Weekly.

'DRY' GEORGIA WINS 'WET' FIRST PRIZE

While "Dry" Savannah Almost Gets Next Drink-Mixing Convention

A drink-mixing contest was recently held at a hotel stewards' convention, in Detroit, and a special dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer has the following startling announcement to make as to the result of the "try-out": "Delegates to the Hotel Stewards' convention here to-day laid out next winter's styles in mixed drinks, and Georgia leaped to fame as the result of the award of prizes. Will H. Zimmer, of Atlanta, was the winner with his Chatham Artillery punch recipe.

"Inasmuch as the awards were decided after personal tests of the competing drinks with hilarious results, Savannah, the birthplace of the Chatham, came nearly getting the next convention from New York. As it was, the Chatham Artillery Punch, which is a drink with a 42-centimeter kick to it, won new fame for Zimmer.

"He had hard competition, too, for the Tipperary Cocktail, guaranteed to make an army stand on its toes and sing, was entered by Dan Hurley, of Boston, and the Belgian Sniper, a creme de menthe and brandy concoction, was proposed by Boni Fallisse, steward of the Hotel Plaza in New York. But after testing Zimmer's recipe, the stewards agreed that Georgia still led."

MIGHT TAKE A LOOK!

A prohibitionist editor says: "Alabama has parted with open saloons probably forever." He might go around to the back door and see if anything is doing.—Florida Times-Union.

SEE TOO MANY ANIMALS.

"I see that an Alabama city is trying to raise enough money to establish a Zoo," said the Old Fogey. "What do they want with a Zoo?" asked the Grouch. "Alabama is a Prohibition State, isn't it?"—Luke Mc Luke, in Cincinnati Enquirer.

MORE PROHIBITION IN ALABAMA.

Makers of Soft Drinks and Flavoring Extracts Threatened by Agitators.

Many concerns in Birmingham who are manufacturers of raw syrups used in the making of soft drinks and flavoring extracts have ceased to operate, as the result of the prohibition law in the state.

The prohibition laws have a clause in them that will seriously affect the soft drink and flavoring extract business, it has developed. Alcohol is used in making flavoring extracts and as a separator for soft drinks.

The use of the alcohol is to cut the necessary oils from the raw syrups. For this purpose, grain alcohol can be used, or an alcohol made from sugar cane for this purpose. When the flavorings for soft drink syrups are made, it is stated there is less than one-tenth of one per cent of alcohol left.

There are about 25 concerns in Birmingham making soft drinks of extracts, it is learned. Some of these concerns already have run into a snag and have ceased to manufacture. Most of the others have a hundred or so gallons of alcohol left, but are facing a serious problem after the supply is exhausted. The railroads refuse to take any shipments from Alabama, and no hope is held out for the manufacturers.

It is learned several of the owners of these plants are preparing to leave Birmingham, and manufacture in other states.

SUNDAY IS "BLUE" ENOUGH IN ALABAMA.

A recent attempt to get a bill through the Alabama Senate placing the ban on all Sunday amusements met with overwhelming defeat.

The following result of the vote on the bill is from the New Orleans "States":

"At a night session of the Senate the drastic Sunday blue laws measure met with defeat by a vote of 24 to 7. Nearly forty thousand signatures attached to petitions from the larger cities of the state were presented. The bill provided for prohibition of baseball, moving pictures and all Sunday amusements except golf. An amendment was adopted which gave cities of over 25,000 the power to regulate Sunday amusements through the city commissions. When the amended bill was passed the author withdrew the original and after a long fight the slate was cleaned of all restrictions as to Sunday amusements."

A STUDENT JOKE.

Conspiracy of Silence That Put the Professor in a Panic.

Professor Elias Loomis for many years occupied the chair of astronomy at Yale and was the author of the well known series of mathematical text books.

Professor Loomis repeated each year to the junior class a course of lectures on physics. The lectures were illustrated by experiments, and in one on compressed air he explained the principle of the well known air gun.

The students of each succeeding class as they entered the room for this particular lecture found on the side of the room remote from the platform a small target. After explaining the operation of the gun Professor Loomis was in the habit of landing three of its projectiles with mathematical accuracy in the center of the bullseye.

The professor was always applauded for this feat, but his grim face, covered by a tightly drawn skin of parchment hue, never showed the slightest sign of gratification or recognition of any kind. To him it was apparently only a scientific experiment to be exactly demonstrated.

One class of juniors, however, who had learned of the immemorial incident from the then seniors, attempted a little experiment of their own, the subject being mathematical and scientific human nature.

Three puffs from the air gun, and, although the students saw that the bullseye was perforated as usual, there was not a sound of applause. Professor Loomis looked a moment at the class in a startled way, then at the target, and then, with a degree of emotion he had never before shown, exclaimed:

"Didn't it hit? Didn't it hit? Didn't it hit?"

A roar of laughter, followed by even more than the usual applause, showed the professor that he had not lost his mathematical accuracy.

Causes of War.

The horrors of the Indian mutiny will still be remembered, and the cause which led to it is a matter of history. Cartridges greased with cow's fat were served out to the sepoy, who refused to use them on the ground that the cow was a sacred animal. Almost without any warning the terrible massacres followed, which were only avenged at an enormous expenditure of lives and money.

The war which deluged Austria and Prussia with blood in 1866 emanated in the former failing to answer a question asked by the latter. In the spring of that year the Austrians began to arm very speedily and powerfully, and the Prussians wanted to know the reason. To this they would give no reply, and Prussia, thinking it was an unfriendly and menacing action, brought about the gory campaign.—London Tit-Bits.

Chinese Worship of Ancestors.

The one spiritual force that dominates every class of society in China is ancestor worship. In the Chinese religion there is no other that can take its place for a moment. A man may or may not worship idols. He may express his utter skepticism about them or profess belief in them. No one cares what he thinks. Let him, however, neglect the worship of the dead and he is looked upon and pointed to with the bitterest scorn both by his own relations and by his neighbors. The worst taunt that the heathen can hurl against the Christian, and the one that stings him most, is the sneering statement that he has no ancestors.—New York Tribune.

Too Great a Loss.

Whoever knows anything about the small boy and his pride in his first pair of trousers will recognize the truth of a story the Philadelphia Ledger prints.

Tommy was at Sunday school in his first "real" clothes. A picture of a lot of little angels was before the class, and the teacher asked Tommy if he would not like to be one.

"No, ma'am," replied Tommy after inspecting the picture.

"Not want to be an angel, Tommy?" reproached the teacher. "Why not?"

"Cause I'd have to give up my pants," said Tommy solemnly.

Liquor and Politics

By JAMES C. KELLY

A great deal is being said about the political activity of the so-called liquor interests or, to use the more common expression, "the saloon in politics". The average citizen, engrossed in his own affairs, is prone to accept the common theory, so carefully disseminated by the prohibitionists, that the political activity of the liquor business is due to an inherent love of the game. An analysis of the situation, however, will convince any man of average intelligence that such a theory is both untenable and absurd.

It is an altogether safe bet that where you find liquor in politics you will find prohibition in politics. Shrewd leaders of the prohibition agitation, many of them prohibitionists for political purposes only, are using every trick known to politics to cripple or destroy the legitimate liquor trade. Pitted against these you will find the liquor interests fighting for their very existence. To expect other than this would be to expect those interests to submit quietly to their own destruction.

The liquor question, in its broader sense, has become a semi-political question for the reason that the prohibitionists first injected it into politics. Today they raise the question in every campaign, township or national. They insist upon the election or defeat of candidates because they are "dry" or "wet", and all other qualifications are disregarded.

Just as soon as prohibition is thrown out of politics, I predict the speedy withdrawal of the liquor forces from the same arena. It is ridiculous to believe that the liquor trade or any other industry is going to spend time, labor and money merely for the privilege of being a political factor.—Adv.

Why He Bolted.

At one of the London clubs one evening Mr. Montagu Williams met Lord —, who had just lost his father. The young lord was naturally melancholy, and the lawyer proposed visiting a theater opposite, which proposition was accepted. There was a slight fire in the theater, whereupon the young lord was among the first to bolt, "like a rabbit," out of the building. Returning leisurely to the club, Mr. Williams found there his young friend quietly smoking a cigar.

"What on earth made you bolt that way? You seemed frightened out of your wits (not a difficult matter perhaps). Don't you know that on such an occasion if everybody got up and rushed out a panic would ensue, with very likely fatal consequences? Why on earth couldn't you sit still, as I did? There was nothing serious the matter." Upon this, with the most patronizing air, the young gentleman replied, "Oh, yes, that's very well for you, but you've not just succeeded to a peerage and £20,000 a year."

A Favorite at Court.



At the reception today his majesty honored me by graciously singling me out to speak to me in person! His majesty tapped me on the cheek and said, "Are you here, too, you old num skull?" You can imagine, Adelheid how envious all the others were!—Sir-Elphinstone (Munich).

She Felt For Him.

He had sat looking absentmindedly out of the train window for two hours, whistling the same tune and not on the key. The passengers had become well nigh distracted.

A well known actress sat behind the young man. Finally there came a moment when the whistler paused for breath, and in that moment the quick witted actress leaned over and said:

"I know just how it is. I never could whistle either." — Ladies Home Journal.

The Progressive Rooster and the Proverb.



—New York Sun.

Bruce's Mother.

The inspector was examining standard 1, and all the class had been specially told beforehand by their master, "Don't answer unless you are almost certain your answer is correct."

History was the subject. "Now, tell me," said the inspector, "who was the mother of our great Scottish hero, Robert Bruce?" He pointed to the top boy, then around the class. There was no answer. Then at last the heart of the teacher of that class leaped with joy. The boy who was standing at the very foot had held up his hand. "Well," my boy," said the inspector encouragingly, "who was she?" "Please, sir, Mrs. Bruce."

The Truthful Child.



Auntie (upon her return, to somewhat pessimistic nephew)—Did Tommy play with you while I was out, darling? He didn't make you cry?

Nephew—He made me cry a little.

Tommy—Oh, Phillip, I made you laugh nearly all the time mother was out!

Nephew—Well, I laughed till I cried.